If euer he haue wife let her be mad,
As miſerable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Chertley* with your holy load
Taken from *Paules* to be interred there:
And ſtill as you are weary of the waight,
Reſt you whiles I lament King *Henries* coarſe.

Enter Gloceſter.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarſe, and ſet it downe,
La. What blacke Magitian, coniures vp this fiend
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, ſet downe the coarſe or by Saint *Paul*,
Ile make a coarſe of him that diſobeyes?
Gen. Stand backe and Let the coffin paſſe,
Glo. Vnmanner'd dog, ſtand thou when I command,
Aduance thy halbert higher then my breſt,
Or by *Saint Paul* ile ſtrike thee to my foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auant thou feareſull miniſter of hell,
Thou hadſt but power ouer his mortall body,
His ſoule thou canſt not haue therefore be gone,
Glo. Sweet Saint for charity, bee not ſo curſt.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods ſake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell:
Fil'd it with curſing cries and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to vew thy hanious deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen ſee, ſee dead henries wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afreſh,
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lumpe of foule deformity,
For tis thy preſence that exhals this blood,
From cold and emptie veynes where no bloud dwels,
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge moſt vnnaturall,
Oh God, which this bloud mad'ſt, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this bloud drink'ſt, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning ſtrike the murtherer dead,
Or

Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou didſt ſwallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Lady, you know no rule of charity,
Which render good for bad, bleſſings for curſes,
La. Villanne, thou knowſt no law of God, nor man:
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch of pittie,
Glo But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.
La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth,
Glo, More wonderfull when Angels are ſo angry,
Vouchſafe deuine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumſtance but to acquit my ſelfe.
La. vouchſafe defuſed infection of a man,
For theſe knowne euils but to giue me leaue,
By circumſtance to curſe thy curſed ſelfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leaſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canſt make
No excuſe currant, but to hang thy ſelfe.
Glo. By ſuch diſpaire I ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.
La. And by diſparing ſhouldſt thou ſtand excuſde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy ſelfe,
Which didſt, vnworthy ſlaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I ſlew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are and diueliſh ſlaue by thee.
Glo, I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay he is dead and ſlaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou lieſt. Queene *Margret* ſaw
Thy bloody faulchion ſmooking in his blood,
The which thou once didſt bend againſt her breſt,
But that my brother beat aſſide the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her ſlanderous tongue
Which laid her guilt vpon my guiltleſſe ſhoulders.
La. Thou waſt prouoked by thy bloody minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought: but butcheryes:
Didſt thou not kill this King? *Glo.* I grant yee?